

# The Mirror

OF

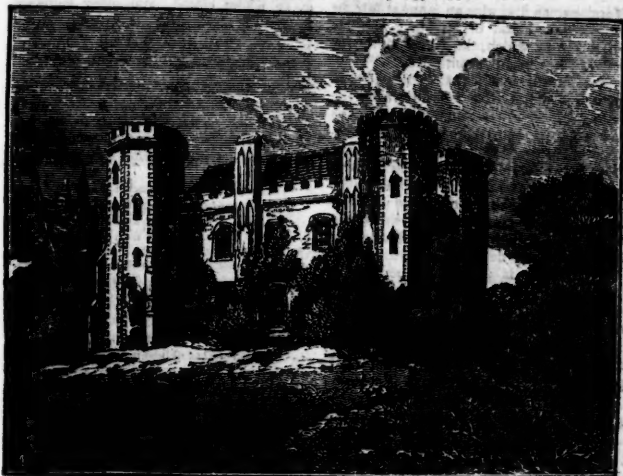
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 233.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1827.

[PRICE 2d.]

## Wickham Court, Kent.



THE village of West Wickham is pleasantly situated in the north-eastern part of the county of Kent, distant about twelve miles from the metropolis, and four from Croydon and Bromley. The principal object in its vicinity is the ancient manor house of Wickham Court, which stands about a mile from the village, near the church. This building was erected in the reign of Henry VII. by Sir Henry Heydon, but has undergone considerable alterations and repairs, yet, notwithstanding, it still retains much of its original form and character. It is a square structure of brick, with an octagonal tower at each corner, which, formerly, terminated pyramidically above the roof, but which now, together with the whole walls of the building, are ornamented with embrasures. In the window of the hall are the arms of Sir Henry Heydon, and Anne, his wife, daughter of Sir Geoffry Bulleyn, the arms and quarterings of Hussey, and several other coats.

The parish church, dedicated to St. John the Baptist, stands to the right of the manor house. It was rebuilt by Sir Henry Heydon, in the reign of Henry

VII. and consists of a chancel, nave, and north aisle; on the south side, at the west end, is a low square tower. The windows of this church contain several pieces of stained glass, particularly a representation of a skeleton, in a kneeling posture, with a label issuing from its mouth, intended for that of Sir Henry Heydon, as is evident from a helmet and shield with his arms lying at the feet. In the same window are the figures of the Virgin Mary, and St. Anne, with some coats of arms. In one of the south windows is the crest of Hussey, viz. a boot, with a golden spur, over which are two hands holding a human heart, with this inscription, "*Cor mobile, Cor mobile.*" This church is a rectory in the diocese of Rochester, and in the deanery of Dartford.

The manor of West Wickham was in the reign of Edward the Confessor, held of the king by Godric, at which time it was merely known by the name of *Wicheham*, in the hundred of Huxley. It was afterwards granted by William the Conqueror to Odo, bishop of Baieux, and earl of Kent, and was when the survey of Domesday was taken, held of

him by Adam Fitzhubert. In the year 1284, Robert Burnell, bishop of Bath and Wells, had a charter of free-warren here; but whether he had the manor does not appear. In the year 1318, license was granted to Walter de Bellingfield, for a market to be held here on Mondays, as likewise an annual fair on the eve and festival of St. Mary Magdalen, both of which, however, have for several years been discontinued.

Not far from Wickham, on a part of what was a few years ago known by the name of Keston Common, but which is now enclosed within the bounds of Holwood park, are the remains of an ancient camp, with double rampires and ditches, which some antiquaries suppose to be that which Julius Cæsar pitched previous to his last engagement with the whole forces of the Britains, in which they were completely defeated. In this parish also, on what is usually termed Hayes Common, is an intrenchment, which, says Dr. Holland, in his insertions to *Camden's Britannia*, was thrown up by Sir Christopher Heydon, in the reign of Elizabeth, when he trained the country people.

J. B.

#### Death of His Royal Highness the Duke of York.

Two short weeks only have elapsed since we presented our readers with a portrait of His Royal Highness, and a biographical memoir of his life.\* To that memoir we have now to add, that the Duke of York is no more an inhabitant of this world. The event, for which the public mind had been for some time prepared, took place on the evening of Friday, January 5, 1827. At two o'clock on Saturday morning a *Gazette Extraordinary* was published, announcing the decease of his royal highness in the following terms:—

“Whitehall, January, 5, 1827.

“This evening, at twenty minutes past nine o'clock departed this life, after a painful and protracted illness, his royal highness Frederick, duke of York and Albany, his majesty's next brother; to the grief of his majesty and of all the royal family.”

As we shall again have occasion to resume this melancholy subject, we conclude with the following observations, copied from a respectable evening journal.

FROM THE STAR.)

“We cannot close these brief remarks

\* MIRROR, p. 433, vol. viii.

upon the loss which the country has sustained by the death of his royal highness, without adverting with satisfaction to the manner in which this painful subject is taken up by all our contemporaries. The public, too, have not been backward in displaying their grief, and the shops are every where closed, and other signs of respect are shown for the memory of his royal highness, as if it were a domestic loss which every family in this great metropolis had sustained by his death.

“In unison with the sentiments we have just expressed, we copy from a MS. poem, on this sad subject, the following verses, written by Mr. Mayne, author of the poem of *The Silver Gun*.

“Although his mortal course is run  
Immortal shall his memory be—  
The fastest friend, the kindest son,  
The noblest, best of men was he

“Ask of our hosts and armed bands,  
O'er whom the princely Yeag bore away,  
To them, his wisdom were command—  
With them, ’twas glory to obey!

“When war had render'd fatherless  
The helpless children of the house,  
He sought them out in their distress,  
And stretch'd his friendly arm to save!

“With every social virtue fraught,  
Endow'd with every mental grace,  
He practis'd what his Saviour taught—  
Akin to all the human race.”

#### DEATH AND INTERMENT.

(For the Mirror.)

WE feel ourselves impressed with a reverential awe in the contemplation of objects which have been appropriated to religious exercises through a long succession of ages. The British cathedrals being generally the most ancient structures in the island, thus influence the imagination, and the mind is affected by the description of scenes where truths the most important to the happiness of mankind have been delivered, and where contrition has awakened many generations to the practice of virtue and piety. Next to the tombs of our ancestors, a view of the sacred mansions of devotion is calculated to inspire the soul with moral reflections. It resounds, so to speak, in our ears the collective voice of departed millions, echoing the doctrines of Christianity, and crying aloud to their posterity to forsake the paths of folly and irreligion. A walk amongst the tombs, especially in an ancient venerable edifice, naturally tends to suggest reflections of a pleasing though melancholy nature, truly interesting, useful, and instructive. The long

drawn aisles and dreary pensive vaults diffuse over the mind a pensiveness and solemnity of feeling not unpleasing; while the wandering eye is attracted on every side by the storied urn and animated bust, which commemorate the virtues of the mouldering dead, such as the great abilities of the statesman, or achievements of the martial hero.

"We read their monuments—we sigh—and while  
We sigh, we sink, and are what we deplored :  
Lamenting or lamented all our lot."

Spelman says, "Much more joyous was the ceremony of sepulture among the Anglo-Saxons than that of marriage. The house in which the body lay till its burial was a perpetual scene of feasting, singing, dancing, and every species of riot. This was very expensive to the family of the deceased; and in the north it was carried so far, that the corpse was forcibly kept unburied by the visiting friends, until they were certain that they had consumed all the wealth the deceased had left behind him in games and festivity. In vain did the church exert itself against such enormities. The custom had prevailed during the times of paganism, and was much too pleasant to be abandoned by the half Christians of the early centuries."—The funerals of the Anglo-Normans were magnificent. M. Paris tells us that the body of Henry II. was dressed in the royal robes, a golden crown on the head, and shoes wrought with gold on the feet. In this manner it was shown to the people with the face uncovered. The same author describes the pompous ceremonies and dresses used at the interment of each church-dignitary; and has even left a drawing by his own hand to illustrate the subject. Stone coffins and large wooden chests, says Strutt, were used to enclose the bodies of the deceased. It was also the custom with the Anglo-Norman race to celebrate a solemn dirge, and to mourn for the decease of foreign princes.

The terrific honours which the ferocious nations paid to their deceased monarchs are recorded in history by the interment of Attila, king of the Huns, and Alaric, king of the Goths. Attila died in 453, and was buried in the midst of a vast champaign in a coffin, which was enclosed in one of gold, another of silver, and a third of iron. With the body were interred all the spoils of the enemy; harness embroidered with gold and studded with jewels; rich silks, and whatever they had taken most precious in the palaces of the kings they had pillaged; and that the place of his interment might for ever remain concealed, the Huns deprived of

life all who assisted at his burial! The Goths had done nearly the same for Alaric, in 416, at Cosenza, a town in Calabria. They turned aside the river Vassenta, and having formed a grave in the midst of its bed where its course was most rapid, they interred this king with a prodigious accumulation of riches. After having caused the river to re-assume its usual course, they murdered, without exception, all those who had been concerned in digging this singular grave.

Men, says lord Bacon, fear death as children fear the dark; and as that natural fear in children is increased by frightful tales, so is the other. Groans, convulsions, weeping friends, and the like, show death terrible; yet there is no passion so weak but conquers the fear of it, and therefore death is not such a terrible enemy. Revenge triumphs over death, love slights it, honour aspires to it, dread of shame prefers it, grief flies to it, and fear anticipates it. The same noble author thinks it the office of a physician to procure easy deaths as well as to restore health. In like manner it is the business of true philosophy to communicate serenity of mind amidst the care, the anxieties, the tumult, and turmoils of the world.

"Unhappy mortals!" says Lucian, "why do ye lament and grieve for your departed friends? they are more fortunate than you; their sorrows are at an end. Why then do you term them wretched?" And the emperor Adrian, on his death bed, said, "Alas! my soul! thou fleeting companion of this body! whither art thou flying? To what unknown region? Thou art all trembling, fearful, and pensive. Now what has become of thy former wit and humour? Thou shalt jest and be gay no more." Death, it has been said, only closes a man's reputation, and determines it as good or bad. Thus Epaminondas being asked whether Chabrias, Iphicrates, or he himself, deserved to be most esteemed, replied, "You must first see us die, before that question can be answered." Cæsar thought that the quickest death was the most desirable, because it freed the mind from dreadful apprehensions. "It is impossible," says dean Swift, "that any thing so natural, so necessary, and so universal as death, should ever have been designed by Providence as an evil to mankind." Mason on Self-Knowledge remarks, "If our hopes and joys centre in this world, it is a mortifying thought, that we are every day departing from our happiness; but if they are fixed above, it is a joy to think that we are every day drawing nearer to the object of our highest wishes." Dr. Franklin's idea is perhaps as beautiful as the foregoing:

—"I look upon death," says he, "to be necessary to our constitutions as sleep. We shall rise refreshed in the morning."

A man of true wisdom is conscious of his inability to see into futurity; he knows that things to come are, for wise reasons, hid from him; and to enjoy life with cheerfulness and innocence, he wisely looks upon every day of health and ease as so much real gain, amidst the unavoidable calamities which are, of themselves, but too many. The ancient philosophers were of opinion, that virtue was the *summum bonum* of man; and this has been adopted by Pope:—

"Know thou this truth, enough for man to know,  
Virtue alone is happiness below."

It is its own reward in this life, by the tranquillity of mind and the general esteem which are annexed to it. God hath blessed the ways of the virtuous from the beginning, and he will assuredly not desert from his promises:—

"Full on his promise mercy I rely,  
For God hath spoken, God, who cannot lie."  
MONTGOMERY.

And, says the learned Dr. Young, both the ancients and moderns, in seeking the *summum bonum*, have been unsuccessful; it was not discovered by man, but revealed from heaven at last. F. R. Y.

### SPIDERS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—Perhaps the following anecdote on this subject is not known to your correspondent A. B. C., and may be interesting to your readers.

Mr. d'Isjouvai, who is alluded to in your correspondent's letter, (and better known as Mr. Quatremère d'Isjouvai) was a state prisoner in Holland in the latter part of 1794, when the French army under Pichegru invaded that country. He found means to carry on a correspondence with the French general, and, having carefully watched the operations of his spiders, he wrote to Pichegru that he was here; and from his observations upon the spiders, that a severe winter was at hand, which would, of course, facilitate the operations of the invading army. The French general, who had already thought of retreating, acted upon the hint, and in a few days after took possession of the whole country, which would have been inaccessible to him had it not been for the ice, which was soon sufficiently strong to allow the French army to cross the rivers.

I am, &c. B. H.

### ON FROST.

(For the Mirror.)

THERE is perhaps throughout the "varied year" no scene more impressive to a philosophic mind, than that which is produced by a severe frost;—what an admirable field is thrown open to the painter and the poet—what soul-stirring emotions must then be raised in every feeling breast to behold a fellow-creature suffering the still intense chills of poverty in addition to the "pitiless pelting of the storm."

During a sharp frosty night, the stars commonly glitter with peculiar brilliancy, and when at last the tardy morning opens, all nature seems disguised—observe the icicles suspended, like pearls, from the cave—see the windows all encrusted over with white film, fancifully sketched out in mimic landscapes;—the fields and orchards, so recently gay with the treasures of Pomona and Ceres, are now barren as a rock and nearly as hard—the limpid streamlet no longer glides over its pebbled path, but seems magically chained to its banks—and yonder river, where the finny shoal were recently roving, upholds on its crystal surface a crowd of nimble skaters. But enough of dull prosing: let us try a hand at a rhyme or two.

Adieu! engaging scenes of nature's pride,  
Winter's stern reign begins with rapid stride;  
Disrob'd of verdure all the trees are found,  
Sharp, hoary frost has whiten'd o'er the ground!  
Keen, chilling winds transpierce the human frame;

Conceal'd by snow, the roads scarce seem the same:

Hush'd is the music of the groves, and still  
The murmur'ing bubbles of the adjacent rill;  
One solid mass conceal'd the streams appear,  
The eye no more discerns yon fountain clear.  
In icy chains the rivers' currents bound,  
Are frozen firmly as their banks around:  
'Tis here, the old and young in crowds resort,  
And brace their half-chill'd limbs in manly sport:  
Too oft, the dangerous track they madly brave,  
Too oft, incautions meet a wat'ry grave.

Herbs, flowers, and fruits forsake their usual spot,

Neglected gardens form a void forgot:  
Almost deserted seems the village plain,  
No cultur'd fields, adorn'd with yellow grain,  
For harvest ripe, employ the industrious swain.

Such winter's pow'r, to change the varied scene,  
Thus frigid chills prevail o'er skies serene:  
'Till balmy spring once more revives the plain,  
And earth productive cheers the eye again.

To return to our subject.—Freezing may be defined the fixing a fluid body into a firm mass by the action of cold—but although we are fully sensible of its

*effects, (even to our very fingers' ends) the cause, how fluids are thus by cold converted into solids, has hitherto baffled the researches of the learned. Dr. Gregory conjectures "that it arises from the air, then abounding with nitrous and saline particles, which enter into the pores of water and other fluids, by which means they become hard." The process of freezing is always attended with emission of heat, and it is also observed that water loses in weight by being frozen: it evaporates very nearly as fast when frozen as in a fluid state.\**

Water when exposed to an atmosphere colder than itself gradually loses in weight and temperature, till reduced rather below 32 degrees of Fahrenheit. Before that, no part has, strictly speaking, commenced to freeze: the surface then appears as if wrinkled in parallel lines, though more commonly they make angles of about 60 degrees to each other; sometimes they resemble rays proceeding from the centre to the circumference.

Water which has been boiled freezes more readily than that which has not, and a trifling motion given to the fluid when nearly cold causes it to freeze more speedily. Water covered with olive oil over its surface, freezes with considerable difficulty, and when it is has been covered with nut oil, it requires a very intense frost indeed to congeal it.

It is very remarkable that water cooled to within 9 degrees of the freezing point, not only ceases to be farther *condensed*, but is actually expanded by greater diminutions of heat, which expansion goes on as this heat is diminished, as long as the water can be kept fluid. It is also observed that though when water is above blood heat the expansion is very considerable, yet near the freezing point it is very small.

JACOBUS.

\* For some remarks on evaporation, vide MIRROR, No. 225, p. 340.

## Select Biography.

No. XLIX.

### WILLIAM GIFFORD, ESQ.

THIS celebrated literary character expired on Sunday, the 31st of December, 1826, at his house in James-street, Buckingham-gate, aged seventy years and nine months.

Mr. Gifford was born in April, 1756, at Ashburton, in Devonshire. Little is known of his ancestors. His great-grandfather was a gentleman who "kept

hounds" in the country; but Mr. Gifford's father was brought up at the grammar-school at Exeter, and was alternately a seafaring man, a vagabond follower of Moore Carew, and his gang of gipsies, and at length a plumber and glazier at South Molton. Mr. Gifford's mother was the daughter of a carpenter of the same town. At eight years of age, William was placed at the free-school, at which he made little progress in his studies; and in three years after his dissipated father died, leaving his mother in extreme penury, with the task of supporting two sons upon her husband's inadequate business. In less than a year, this unhappy woman (whom Mr. Gifford always spoke of with great tenderness) followed her husband to the grave, and her two sons were left absolute paupers. The furniture of the mother was seized for debt by a remorseless creditor; who was afterwards stimulated by the reproaches of the town to put his godson, young William Gifford, to school. He was then thirteen; and the younger child, aged about two, was sent to the almshouse. But in three months, this godfather became tired of the expense of the lad's schooling, and he forthwith put him to the plough. From the plough he was removed to a small coasting vessel belonging to Brixham, in Torbay; and he was now not only a ship-boy on the high and giddy mast, but obliged to perform every menial office in the cabin. But the women who twice a week carried fish from Brixham to Ashburton, continually spoke of the denuded and wretched state of this unfortunate lad; and the reproaches of the inhabitants of Ashburton against the godfather, at length induced him once more to put the boy to school. His progress was now very rapid; and at the age of fifteen, the godfather told him that he had learned quite enough; and he accordingly took him from school, and apprenticed him to a shoe-maker. The apprentice possessed but one book in the world—a Treatise on Algebra; of paper, ink, slate or pencil, he was totally destitute, and without a penny to buy any. Being partial to the mathematical sciences, he sat up, night after night, at his studies, and beat out small pieces of leather to a smooth surface, upon which he contrived to work his algebraic problems. But Crispin found out this practice; and conceiving it a loss both of time and of leather, he severely chastised the votary of the sciences, and bade him mind his cobbling of shoes. But some doggerel verses of the lad had attracted the attention of a Mr. Cookesley, a surgeon. This gentleman set about "a subscription for the

purchasing the remainder of the time of William Gifford, and for enabling him to improve himself in writing and English grammar." Mr. Gifford now studied assiduously; and in two years, being then twenty-two years of age, he was pronounced fit for the University. A gentleman of the county procured for him the place of Bible Lecturer of Exeter College, Oxford; and in 1781, Mr. Cookeley opened a subscription at Ashburton on his behalf for publishing a translation of *Juvenal*. Immediately after, this benevolent gentleman died, and Gifford was again left poor and unfriended. But a most happy accident shortly after made his fortune. He had acquired the acquaintance of a gentleman at Oxford, with whom he corresponded, directing the letters under cover to lord Grosvenor. One day, he had inadvertently omitted the direction upon the enclosed letter, and lord Grosvenor imagining it to be intended for himself, naturally opened and perused it. There was something in it which attracted his lordship's notice, and he begged of his friend that the writer might be introduced to him. The result was, that Mr. Gifford took up his residence with lord Grosvenor, and afterwards accompanied his lordship's son (lord Belgrave) in his tour of the Continent. To lord Grosvenor's patronage Mr. Gifford was subsequently indebted for the means of spending his life amidst every object of elegant enjoyment.

We have hitherto considered Mr. Gifford as a poor but honourable adventurer upon the stormy ocean of life; we are now to view him as an aspirant in the republic of letters. In 1794, appeared his first material work, the *David*, being a paraphrase of the first satire of Persius.

In 1795, appeared the *Maviad*, in imitation of the tenth Satire of the first book of Horace. In 1800 he published his *Epistle to Peter Pindar*; and in 1802 appeared his long-promised *Translation of the Satires of Juvenal*. This last work was attacked by the *Critical Review*. Mr. Gifford felt himself sorely wounded by this critique, and in 1803 he put forth his *Examination of the Strictures of the Critical Review upon Juvenal*. In 1805, Mr. Gifford published his edition of *Massinger*, and in 1816 his edition of *Ben Jonson*. In 1821, appeared his translation of Persius, contemporaneously with the translation of the same author by Sir W. Drummond. Mr. Gifford now occupied himself in editing the works of Ford, in two volumes octavo; and those of Shirley, of which five and a half volumes had gone

through the press, when he was seized with his last fatal illness.

Contemporaneously with the publication of the *David* and *Maviad*, Mr. Gifford became the editor of the *Anti-Jacobin Review*, an office which he was well qualified to fill. The *Edinburgh Review* had been published on a plan so dissimilar to that of the preceding critical works of the country, and the talents which it displayed and the success which it experienced were so decided, that Mr. Gifford conceived the design of instituting a periodical work upon the same plan, but of totally different party principles. The *Critical* and *Monthly Reviews*, the former originated by Smollett, and the latter homing the contributions of the most eminent literary characters of England, had been supreme and without rivals for nearly half a century. So little idea was there of Mr. Gifford's design of publishing the *Quarterly* being attended with success, that when he offered the sale of it to the publisher of the *Monthly Review*, that bookseller refused the offer, replying that "he would not give up a certainty for an uncertainty." But so uncertain are all such literary certainties, and such was the rapid success of the *Quarterly Review* and the *Edinburgh*, that the old *Reviews* soon sank to comparative insignificance.

Mr. Gifford wrote nothing original. His *David* and *Maviad* were mere paraphrases of Persius and Horace. His life was spent in editing and translating. As an editor, he was acute and industrious; but in emendatory criticism, he had not the learning of Bentley, the sagacity of Porson, the patient research of Steevens, or that of the editors of the German school. But his editions of *Massinger* and *Ben Jonson* are valuable presents to English literature. Mr. Gifford's principal work, however, is his *Juvenal*. This consumed the greater part of his life, received the correction of his friends, and was sent into the world with every possible advantage.

To the translation of *Juvenal* is prefixed a memoir of himself, which is, perhaps as modest and pleasant a piece of autobiography as ever was written. It is from that memoir that the earlier part of the present biographical sketch is compiled.

In the reign of queen Mary, square-toed shoes were in fashion, and the men wore them of so prodigious a breadth, that a proclamation is said to have been made, ordering that no man should wear his shoes above six inches square at the toes!



## HUMBUG.

(For the Mirror.)

MR. P.—the celebrated barrister, who resides in Staffordshire, is a remarkably ugly man, with a large stock of vanity. Some months back an action was brought by an old lady, resident near his villa, against several persons, who having obtained possession of a house belonging to her, had refused to deliver it into her hands. In this case Mr. P.— was retained for the defendants, and cross-examined the plaintiff with his usual dexterity.

"What motive do you suppose induced my clients to refuse giving you possession?"

"Why they wanted to *humbug* me," replied the old lady.

"To *humbug* you! what do you mean? I don't understand you—pray explain."

The plaintiff felt confused, and Mr. P.— repeated his question triumphantly. After a pause, during which she had racked her brains to find out a suitable explanation of the word, the old lady said—

"Suppose, sir, I was to say that you were extremely handsome?"

"Well, and what then?" inquired the lawyer, his vanity whispering compliments.

"Why then, sir, I should *humbug* you most completely."

T. W.

## Arts and Sciences.

## PROGRESS OF THE ARTS IN FRANCE.

WITHIN these twelve years France has made immense progress in almost every branch of manufacture. Pins are now made at a single operation, the "heads and tails" being of a piece; so that the proverb, "As useless as a pin without a head," is likely to be soon lost, from the thing not being possible.

A new discovery has been made in printing, by which classical works used in every country need only be set up once; thus, if an edition of the classics be printed at Paris, editions may be published in England, Germany, Holland, &c. without being at the expense of a new composition. Besides the advantages of cheapness, the text, once established, can never vary, and the type is *always* new. We have seen three volumes in 8vo, printed upon the new principle; they are beautifully got up, and sold to the public at less than 3s. the volume.

In the article of plated goods, the French seem even to surpass the manufacture of Birmingham. We have seen plated candlesticks of which the making only cost five sous the pair, and they are sold at twenty-pence in retail. The same manufacturer has discovered the method of making coffee-pots, tea-pots, &c. of one piece of metal, without soldering, and that too at a cheaper rate than by the old method; we have seen several articles of this kind, of very elegant forms.

The gilding of metals is now carried to a perfection unknown in England; and as the duty on importation amounts to a prohibition, one of the best French gilders is going to establish himself in London. Our dessert services may thus rival the French in elegance and cheapness; and it is to be hoped that we shall soon be delivered from the heavy tribute paid to France for all objects in *or molis*; it is a branch of industry which would be most lucrative, and which it would cost a mere trifle to create; whoever does it certain to realise an immense fortune.

Literary Gazette.

## SPECIFIC GRAVITIES.

PROFESSOR LESLIE, of Edinburgh having invented an extremely delicate apparatus for ascertaining the specific gravity of powders, has deduced the following novel results. Charcoal, which, from its porosity is so light, that its specific gravity, as assigned in books, is generally under 0.5, less than half the weight of water, or one-seventh the weight of diamond; taken in powder by the above instrument, exceeds that of diamond; is one-half greater than that of whinstone; and, of course, more than seven times heavier than has usually been supposed. Mahogany has usually been estimated at 1.36; but mahogany saw-dust proves by the instrument to be 1.68. Wheat flour is 1.36; pounded sugar 1.83; and common salt 2.15; the latter agrees very accurately with the common estimate. Writing-paper rolled hard by the hand, had a specific gravity of 1.78, the solid matter present being less than one-third of the space it apparently filled. One of the most remarkable results was with an apparently very light specimen of volcanic ashes, which was found to have a specific gravity of 4.4; these results are, however, given as approximations merely by the first instrument constructed.

## Monument in the Forest of Harewood.



THE annexed sketch represents a monument lately erected by William Ironmonger, Esq. to record an event said to have taken place on the very spot of ground where the cross is erected. The inscription on the base is as follows:—About the year of our Lord 963, upon this spot beyond time of memory, called Dead Man's Plack, tradition reports that Edgar, surnamed the peaceable, king of England, in the ardour of youth, love, and indignation, slew with his own hand, his treacherous and ungrateful favourite, earl Athelwold, owner of this forest of Harewood; in resentment of the earl having basely betrayed his royal confidence, and perfidiously married his intended bride, the beautiful Elfrida, daughter of Ordgar, earl of Devonshire, afterwards wife to king Edgar, and by him mother of king Ethelred II., which queen Elfrida, after Edgar's death, murdered his eldest son, king Edward the martyr, and founded the monastery of Wherwell. This forest where the monument stands, now called Wherwell Wood, is of considerable extent, containing not less than three thousand five hundred acres, and is intersected with pleasant drives, which are kept in the highest order by the present owner, and are with the greatest liberality accessible to the public.

The cross is built of Portland stone, and in good proportion. Although lofty, it is not visible at any great distance, but will amply repay the curiosity of the traveller who might choose to deviate from

the great western road leading to Andover, from which place it is distant about two miles and a half.

Edgar's name might, perhaps, have suffered in the estimation of posterity, had not this memorial of his peaceable character been erected. As the transaction took place beyond the memory of man, we cannot sufficiently estimate the liberality of the present possessor of Wherwell Forest, in perpetuating the recollection of so extraordinary a circumstance in the history of this country.

## The Novelist.

No. XCV.

FLORENCE WILLESSEN.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

'Tis a common tale,  
An ordinary sorrow of man's life;  
A tale of silent sufferings, hardly clothed  
In bodily form.

WORDSWORTH

A VILLAGE in the south of England is one of the loveliest sights in nature; and it is what it seems, the very nestling-place of poetry, love, and happiness. It glitters, with its white-washed cottages and garden-walls, among the green trees 'mid which it is embowered, like the golden fruits of Spain, peeping from beneath the rich foliage that does but partially conceal them. Its meadows, its stream, its tapering church-spire; its hedge-rows, its lanes of sweetbriar and wild-roses; its lattices, with their clustering jessamine and honey-suckle; its gardens, with their bee-hives; its orchards, with their odoriferous blossoms; and above all, its simple, yet cheerful inhabitants, ignorant of the great world, and unwilling to have that ignorance enlightened; all combine to render a village in the south of England the most delightful spot in the universe. How sweet to retire from the world to such a haven of repose, and there to cultivate only the purer affections of one's nature, and keep the soul divided, by a rainbow zone, from the grosser atmosphere of common existence. There are many little paradises of the kind I speak of, and I should be contented with any one of them; although, if I had my choice, I should perhaps fix upon Woodburn in preference to all the rest. My predilection is the more singular, as all my associations connected with the recollection of that village are of a peculiarly melancholy cast. Even there the spoiler, sorrow, had found an entrance; and his victims were not unknown to me. I will endeavour to recal their story; it



is a simple one, but it suits well the temper of my mind, and I shall therefore avail myself of this opportunity to narrate it.

Let me paint her as I first saw her. It was in her cottage-garden, on a bright summer morning, when the dew was still sparkling on the flowers. She held a book in her hand, but she was not reading. She stood wrapped in a delightful reverie, with her eyes fixed on two young rose-bushes. I knew not then that she was my old friend's only child, yet I stopped involuntarily to gaze upon her. I had never before seen aught so beautiful; and that, too, without the shadow of pretence. I cannot describe her features, but their combined effect was irresistible. There was a world of expression, an unfathomable depth of feeling, in her dark blue eye. I saw a tear start into it; but the thought that called it up was merely transient, for a smile gathered upon her lips immediately afterwards, and chased away with its light the little harbinger of sorrow. At that moment the gate was thrown open, and a youth entered. He was her lover; I knew it at a glance. A deeper crimson spread itself over her cheek, and her smile kindled into one of more intense light. They stood together; England could not have produced a nobler pair. They seated themselves in the sunshine; the youth took the book and read aloud. It was a poetic page over which they hung. She leant her white arm on her lover's shoulder, and gazed upon him with delighted and breathless attention. Who is it that has said there is no happiness on earth? Had he seen Edmund and Florence on that calm, blue morning, he would have confessed the absurdity of his creed.

Edmund was the eldest son of the village rector—a man “to all the country dear.” Florence was the daughter of an old, respected soldier, who had served in many a campaign, and who now lived in retirement, upon the small pension which was given him by government, as the reward of his long and valuable services. She had lost her mother almost before she knew her, and all her filial affection was centred in her only surviving parent; her heart she had bestowed upon Edmund, and he was by no means insensible of the value of the gift. They had been companions from their infancy. All their recollections of times past were the same, for all their amusements and studies had been similar. But Edmund had made considerably more progress than Florence. Nature had heaped upon him all those mental endowments that consti-

tute genius. She had given him a mind capable of the profoundest aspirations; a heart that could feel more deeply, a fancy that could wing a bolder flight, than those of most other youths of his age. He, as yet, knew nothing of the state of society beyond the limits of Woodburn. He had never been more than twenty miles from home during his whole life. But he was now eighteen, and Florence was only a year younger. They had ceased to be boy and girl. She, indeed, would have been contented to have continued as she was for ever, blest with her father's and her lover's affection; more than happy in the discharge of her domestic duties, in her summer evening rambles, in her books, her bees, her fruits, and her flowers. But Edmund, although he loved her with all the enthusiasm of a first love, had more ambition in his nature. He wished to mingle in the crowd in the pursuit of glory; and he had hopes that he might outstrip at least some of his competitors. Beside, he was not possessed of an independent fortune; and exertion, therefore, became a duty. His resolution was at once formed; he determined to fix his residence in London for at least a couple of years, and ascertain whether, in truth, ability was there its own reward. It was sad news to Florence; but on reflecting on the advantages which Edmund might derive from the execution of the scheme, she looked upon her grief as selfish, and endeavoured to restrain it. The evening before he left Woodburn, they took a farewell walk together in her father's garden. Florence had succeeded in keeping up a show of cheerfulness during the day; but as the yellow beams of the setting sun came streaming in through the poplars and elms that lined the wall, and as she thought how often they had seen the sun set before, and how long it would be ere they should see it set again, a chord was touched which vibrated through her heart, and she could no longer restrain her tears. Edmund besought her, with the utmost tenderness of manner, not to give way to emotions so violent; but she only locked his hand more firmly in her own, and, amid convulsive sobs, repeated again and again, “Edmund! we shall never meet more! I am not superstitious, but I know that I am right; we shall never meet more!” Her lover had recourse to every soothing argument he could think of; but though she at length became calm, a gloomy presentiment of future evil seemed to have taken possession of her mind.

A year elapsed, and Edmund's early dream had been more than realized. He

had risen into fame at once; his reputation as a man of genius was acknowledged throughout his native land. His fortune was secured, and his name had already become illustrious. Everywhere was his society courted, and his opinions listened to with deference and admiration. There seemed to be no honours to which he might not aspire; no rank in society which he might not hope to attain. His ardent spirit, and his growing ambition, became only the more insatiable. Every difficulty had yielded before him; he had flown on upon the wings of success; his life had hitherto been a brilliant dream—a dream from which he saw no prospect of immediate awakening.

It was evening, and he was alone in her splendid drawing-room, with the loveliest woman in London—the daughter of a viscount. A hundred lamps, reflected by a hundred mirrors, shone around them. There was to be a magnificent entertainment, but the company had not yet arrived. Edmund, and the lady Matilda, would not have cared had they never arrived at all. They sat near each other, and talked in low, soft tones of all that youth and beauty love best to talk about. Edmund had never felt so vain in his life before; for there were hundreds in the metropolis, blest with all the advantages of rank and birth, who would have given both their titles and their fortunes to have secured one of those smiles which the proud maiden now lavished upon him. And she—she had read his works, she thought of his fame, she looked upon his elegant form and handsome features, and forgot the hundred acions of nobility who had offered up their incense at her shrine. A carriage was heard to stop, and they were soon to be interrupted. “I have taken a fancy to that emerald ring of yours,” said the lady Matilda; “will you exchange it for one of mine?” She took a glittering diamond from her finger, and put it on Edmund’s; and at the same time his emerald became one of the ornaments of the prettiest hand in the world. It was a ring which Florence had given him the very morning he left Woodburn.

The two years he was to be away had expired. “Florence,” said her father to her one morning, “I never saw you looking so well; your cheeks are all roses, my sweet girl. Have you been watching the sun rise?” Florence turned away her head for a moment, to brush a burning tear from her eye, and then answered cheerfully to her unsuspecting father, that she *had* seen the sun rise. There was not a person in Woodburn, except her father, who had not observed how dreadfully she was altered—not in her manners,

nor habits, nor conversation, but in her looks. Her cheek, it is true, was red, but it was the hot flush of fever; her eye was bright, but it was the watery clearness of an insidious malady. She had heard of Edmund’s success, and there was not a heart in the world that beat so proudly at the intelligence; but she soon heard of more than his success, and his letters became fewer, shorter, and colder. When her father was from home, she would sit for hours in her garden, by herself, listening, as she said, to the chirping of the birds, but weeping bitterly all the while.

“I have not heard you speak of Edmund lately,” said her father to her one day, about the beginning of June. “I do not think of him the less,” answered Florence, with a faint smile. The old man knew nothing of his apostasy. “I have good news for you,” said he; “I saw the rector to-day, and Edmund is to be in Woodburn by the end of the week.” Florence grew pale; she tried to speak, but could not; a mist swam before her eyes; she held out her hand, and threw herself into her father’s arms.

It was Saturday evening, and she knew that Edmund had arrived early on the previous day, but she had not yet seen him. She was sitting in the summer-house of her father’s garden, when she heard a step on the gravel-walk; she looked through the willows and honeysuckle; it was he! he himself, in all the bloom and beauty of dawning manhood! A strange shivering passed over her whole frame, and her colour went and came with fearful rapidity. Yet she retained her self-possession, and with apparent calmness rose to receive him when he entered. The change in her appearance, however, struck him immediately. “Good God! you have been ill! you are altered, sadly altered, since I saw you last.”—“Does that strike you as so very wonderful, Edmund?” said Florence, gravely; “are you not altered too?”—“Oh, Florence! I have behaved to you like a villain! I see it now—cruelly, fatally do I see it! I wished to believe that you did not care about me, but it was delusion—it was madness—it was guilt! and now it is too late!”—“Edmund, that I *did* love you, you setting sun, which shone upon us when last we parted, can still attest, for it was the witness of my grief. It has been the witness, too, of the tears I have shed in my solitude—tears which have been revealed to no earthly eye; and it shall be the witness, even yet,” she continued, an almost heavenly smile illuminating her pale countenance, “of our reconciliation, for the wanderer has returned,

and his errors are forgiven." She held out her hand to him as she spoke, but he shrunk back. "I dare not—I dare not take it! It is too late! Florence! I am married!"—There was not a sound escaped her lips, but her cheeks grew deadly pale; her eyes became as fixed as stone; and she fell on the ground like a marble statue.

Her grave is in the church-yard of Woodburn; she lies beside her father. There is no urn nor monumental tablet to mark the spot, but I should know it among a thousand. Edmund's fame has travelled into other countries, and men have looked up to him as to a demi-god. Florence Willaden was never heard of beyond the limits of Woodburn till now.

*Literary Magnet.*

## SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

### CONVERSATIONS OF PALEY.

WHEN I went to live at Lincoln, in 1797, I knew that Archdeacon Paley had been some few years before appointed subdean; and as his place obliged him to three months' residence every year, I anticipated much delight and instruction in the conversation of the author of "Moral and Political Philosophy," of "The Evidences of Christianity," and, above all, of that sagacious and original work, "Horæ Paulinæ." On his arrival to perform his duty of residence, in the year above mentioned, I made him a visit without finding him "at home." It was known afterwards that he was at this time occupied in the composition of his "Natural Theology." He returned my visit; unfortunately I was "from home." My curiosity was not, however, long to wait for its gratification. I was soon invited to meet him at a dinner-party—at one of those dinners which I have elsewhere spoken of as regularly interchanged between the residentiary and the society of the place. I entered the drawing-room with some degree of awe; the greater part of the company was assembled, and Dr. Paley was amongst them.

Imagine to yourself, reader, if you never saw Dr. Paley, and many of my readers may not have seen him, since I write about twenty years after his death,—imagine to yourself a thick, short, square-built man, with a face which, though animated and cheerful, could not but, at first sight, appear ugly; with bushy brows, snub nose, and projecting teeth; with an awkward gait and movement of the arms; a decent and dignified,

but by no means excessive, protuberance of belly; wearing a white wig, such as suited his place, and a court coat; but without what would also have suited his place, a short cassock. To this part of the dress of the dignified ecclesiastic he had a particular dislike, and ridiculed it by calling it "a black apron, such as the master-tailors wear in Durham." The whole of his dress was of course black. He wore silver buckles at his knees and in his shoes.

He was talking as I entered; and I perceived, with much surprise, that he spoke a very broad northern dialect. He had passed, indeed, great part of his life in the north of England; but he had been educated and lived long at Cambridge, and had seen a good deal of the world. Perhaps he was vain of this singularity; perhaps he would not seem to wish to correct what he found he could not cure without difficulty, and so gave up the attempt. I heard him repeat three or four times the word "noodge," pushing his elbows at the same time towards the sides of those who stood nearest to him: this motion explains the meaning of a word not very generally in use among scholars, nor in good company. But Paley's merits, though they might have been recommended by polished manners, were superior to them, and wanted them not; and his learning was the more agreeable by being entirely free from formality, pedantry, or assumption of literary importance. I could not learn to what all this "noodging" referred, as the story was finished; and soon after, dinner was announced.

When we were seated at table, the mistress of the house said, "Mr. Subdean, what will you be pleased to eat?"—"Eat, madam? eat every thing, from the top of the table to the bottom—from the beginning of the first course to the end of the second." Then, putting on an air of grave doubt and deliberation—"There are those pork *staakes*; I had intended to proceed, regularly and systematically, *through* the ham and fowls to the beef; but those pork *staakes* stagger my system." I sat next to him; he turned suddenly upon me:—"Mr. —, what would you do in such a case?" As I had to answer the first question proposed to me by the great Dr. Paley, I endeavoured to do so in choice and correct phraseology. I said, that when the end was the same, and the means equally innocent and indifferent—Paley had a quick and nice tact on all occasions; whether he understood the preciseness of my sentence as in jest or in earnest I know not; but, not allowing me to finish it, he

cried out—"Ay, I see you are for the pork *steakes*. Give me some of that dish"—naming neither pork steaks nor ham and fowl.

Every one who has heard Paley talk must be aware how much his talk loses by being written down: no speech of the greatest orator, not even that to which was applied "*quid si ipsum videsses?*" could lose by transcription more of its force and effect. Paley's eloquence, however, did not, like that orator's, consist in his action; that was by no means graceful. His utterance was at times indistinct; and when the persons to whom he talked were near him, he talked between his teeth; but there was a variety and propriety of inflexion in the tones of his voice—an emphasis so pronounced, and so clearly conveying his meaning and feeling, assisted too by an intelligent smile or an arch leer, that not only what was really witty appeared doubly clever, but his ordinary remarks seemed ingenious.

We, that is the society of the place, dined at the subdeanery. The weather was excessively cold; the fire in the room in which we dined had been lighted but just before dinner; we were all chilled. Paley felt it to be useless to make apologies for what might have been so easily prevented; he talked of a dinner-party, "an improvement upon this room, for *they* dined out of doors." To one of the company who was helping to the *trifle*, as it is here called—"Captain —, you seem to be up to the elbows in suds; send me some of that; dig deep." I observed, that immediately after dinner he sent for his tooth-pick case, and was impatient till it was brought; that he drank very sparingly, of white wine chiefly; and that some gingerbread was served, not as part of the dessert, but to him alone.

After dinner, one of the party said, "Mr. Subdean, if you will give me leave, I'll stir the fire." Paley rushed from his end of the table: "I understand your trick! you want to have an opportunity of warming yourself. These are reflections of a mind at ease: I have been farther from the fire than any of you: give me the poker." When we were seated round the fire, he gave me a letter: "It relates to the hare we had at dinner. It is written by a farmer, a tenant to the dean and chapter. Nay, read it aloud." I read:—"Reverend Sir: I request your honour's acceptance of a hare, as I mean to ask a favour in a short time. I am, &c. &c." Paley said, "As the dean remarked, so many thousand presents have been made with the same intention, yet the motive was never so honestly avowed before." I said, "I hope the farmer

will obtain the favour." "Very likely he will."

"When I lived at Carlisle, I used to send half-a-guinea to market on the market-day, and that supplied my family with provisions for the week." A proof, notwithstanding the cheapness of that country, of the straitness of Paley's circumstances. His family was numerous, and he had, he said, three servants. He talked without reserve of passages in his former life, which a man of ordinary character, in the situation he then filled, would have been careful to keep out of view. There was latent pride in this perhaps.

"When I set up a carriage, it was thought right that my armorial bearings should appear on the panels. Now, we had none of us ever heard of the Paley arms; none of us had ever dreamed that such things existed, or had ever been. All the old folks of the family were consulted; they knew nothing about it. Great search was made, however, and at last we found a silver tankard, on which was engraved a coat of arms. It was carried by common consent that these *must* be the Paley arms; they were painted on the carriage, and looked very handsome. The carriage went on very well with them; and it was not till six months' afterwards that we found out that the tankard had been *bought at a sale!*" His looks and manner were an admirable running commentary on this story, and rendered it superfluous for him to make, and he did not make, any remark upon it.

Mr. Subdean, we saw you this morning in a situation that must have been very distressing to you—in the midst of the crowd that was accompanying the poor man who was going to be hanged. "Why," said he, "I got into the crowd without intending it; but, being there, I waited to see the poor fellow pass by. I looked in his face to see the expression of it; he was amazed and stupified, and that was all: I observed that the nails of his fingers were perfectly white." Soon after he said, "How strange it is that we should be so much under the influence of our habits! the poor man who was executed this morning was a miller; had been brought up a miller; after the commission of the felony, when he knew that they were in search of him, he hid himself in a mill, and in a mill he was apprehended."

He told me, "When I wanted to write any thing particularly well,—to do better than ordinary,—I used to order a post-chaise and go to Longtown; it is the first stage from Carlisle towards the north; there is a comfortable quiet inn there. I asked for a room to myself; there then I

was, safe from the bustle and trouble of a family, and there I remained as long as I liked, or till I had finished what I was about." I said, "That is a very curious anecdote;" and I said it in a tone which, from a certain change in his countenance, I believe to have set him on musing how this anecdote would appear in the history of his life.

Paley took his rides on horseback occasionally, but always alone, without the attendance even of a servant. "I am so bad a horseman, that if any man on horseback was to come near me when I am riding, I should certainly have a fall; company would take off my attention, and I have need of all I can command to manage my horse and keep my seat; I have got a horse, the quietest creature that ever lived, one that at Carlisle used to be covered with children from the ears to the tail." Understanding all this, and seeing him gambadoing on the race-course, I turned my horse's head another way. "I saw what you meant this morning; it was very considerate of you; I am much obliged to you."

Paley was too careful of petty expenses, as is frequently the case with those who have had but narrow incomes in early life. He kept a sufficiently handsome establishment as subdean, but he was stingy. A plentiful fall of snow took place during an evening party at the precentor's; two of Mr. Subdean's daughters were there; he showed great anxiety on account of the necessity that seemed to have arisen of sending them home in a sedan-chair. Taking the advice of several of the company, whether such necessity really and inevitably existed, he said to me, "It is only next door."—"The houses touch," said I, "but it is a long round to your door; the length of both houses, and then through the garden in front of your house." He consulted the precentor, who, to put the matter in the right point of view, cried out, "Let the girls have a chair; it is only three-pence a-piece."

We all admired Paley's talents; we were all proud of having him for subdean; we all sought and delighted in his conversation: he was liked, yet it cannot be said in an unqualified sense that he was respected. The familiarity of his manners, his almost perpetual jests, his approximations to coarseness of language, weakened that splendour of his literary reputation by which we should otherwise have been dazzled. Yet he was, though rough and unpolished, perfectly well behaved. If ever he stepped aside from the conformity with the order and regulations of good society, it was in the spirit of fun, and understood to be so; he was, in all

ordinary cases, gentle and good-natured; his tact enabled, and his seemingly-benevolent disposition prompted him to say what might be pleasing to those with whom he conversed, and to avoid what might be disagreeable. He certainly was not by nature of a selfish character; how far the example of the world, and the necessities of his own situation might have engendered this sentiment, which every man finds unamiable when exerted against himself, it is not for man to judge, who cannot know the heart, and can seldom impartially decide on the conduct of his fellow-man.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

#### WINTER.—IN SIX SONNETS.

##### NO. I.—DAYBREAK.

Slow clear away the misty shades of morn,  
As sings the redbreast on the window-sill:  
Fade the last stars; the air is stern and still;  
And lo! bright frost-work on the leafless thorn!  
Why, day god, why so late? the tardy heaven  
Brightens; and, screaming downwards to the  
shore

Of the waste sea, the dim-seen gulls pass o'er,  
A scatter'd crowd, by natural impulse driven  
Home to their element. All yesternight  
From spongy ragged clouds pour'd down the  
rain,

And in the vind-gusts, on the window pane  
Rattled aloud:—but now the sky grows bright.  
Winter! since thou must govern us again,  
Oh, take not in fierce tyrannies delight.

##### NO. II.—SNOW-STORM.

How gloom the clouds! quite stifled is the ray,  
Which from the conquer'd sun would vainly  
shoot

Through the blank storm; and though the winds  
be mute,

Lo! down the whitening deluge finds its way.—  
Look up!—a thousand thousand fairy motes  
Come dancing downwards, onwards, sideways  
whirl'd,

Like flocks of down, or apple-blossoms curl'd  
By nipping winds. See how in ether floats  
The light-wing'd mass,—then, mantling o'er the  
field,

Changes at once the landscape, chokes the rill,  
Hoarifies with white the lately verdant hill,  
And silvers earth. All to thine influence yield  
Stern conqueror of blithe autumn; yearly still  
Of thee, the dread avatar is reveal'd.

##### NO. III.—CLEAR PROSPERITY.

'Tis noon, the heaven is clear without a cloud;  
And, on the masses of untrodden snow,  
The inefficient sunbeams glance and glow:  
Still is the mountain swathed in its white shroud:  
But look along the lake!—hark to the hum  
Of mingling crowds!—in graceful curves how  
swings

The air-poised skater—Mercury without wings!  
Rings the wide ice, a murmur never dumb;  
While over all, in its harmonious, come  
The dulcet tones which music inward flings.—

There moves the ermine-fair, with timid toe;  
Half-pain'd, half-pleas'd; yes! all is joy and mirth,

As if, though frost could subjugate mean earth,  
He had no chains to bind the spirit's flow.

#### NO. IV.—MOONLIGHT.

Behold the mountain peaks how sharply lined  
Against the cloudless orient!—while, serene,  
The silver moon, majestic as a queen,  
Walks mid thin stars, whose lustre has declined.  
There is no breath of wind abroad. The trees  
Sleep in their stilly leaflessness; while, lost  
In the pale, sparkling labyrinth of frost,  
The wide world seems to slumber, and to freeze.  
'Tis like enchanted fairyland!—A chill  
Steals o'er the heart, as, gazing thus on night,  
Life from our lower world seems pass'd away:  
And, in the witchery of the faint moonlight,  
Silence comes down to hold perpetual sway;  
—So breathless is the scene—so hush'd—so still!

#### NO. V.—VICISSITUDE.

Oh! sweetly beautiful it is to mark  
The virgin, vernal snow-drop! lifting up—  
Meek as a nun—the whiteness of its cup,  
From earth's dead bosom, desolate and dark.—  
Glorious is summer! with its rich array  
Of blossom'd greenery, perfume-glowing bowers,  
Blue skies, and balmy airs, and fruits, and  
flowers,  
Bright sunshine, singing birds, and endless day!  
Nor glorious less brown autumn's witchery;  
As by her aureate trees Pomona sits  
And Ceres, as she wanders, bears by fits  
The reapers' chant, beneath the mellowing sky;  
But thy blasts, winter, hymn a morose lay,  
And, mocking earth, bid man's thoughts point on  
high.

#### NO. VI.—CONCLUSIONS.

All things round us preach of death; yet mirth  
Swells the vain heart, darts from the careless  
eye,  
As if we were created ne'er to die,  
And had our everlasting home on earth!—  
All things round us preach of death; the leaves  
Drop from the forest—perish the bright flowers—  
Shortens the day's shorn sunlight, hours on  
hours—  
And o'er bleak, sterile fields the wild wind  
groans—  
Yes! all things preach of death,—we are born  
to die!—  
We are but waves along life's ocean driven;  
Time is to us a brief probation given,  
To fit us for a dread eternity.  
Hear ye, that watch with faith's unalarming  
eye,  
Earth is our pilgrimage, our home is heaven!  
*Blackwood's Magazine.* DELTA.

#### To \* \* \*

I HATE to see thy vain pretence,  
To all the flowers of eloquence,  
As boldly on thou rantest;  
Thou' perhaps, thou still may please the  
crowd,  
With gesture bad, and language loud,  
Since sense alone thou wantest.

## The Selector;

### OR, CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

#### FANCIES ON A TEA-CUP.

I LOVE to pore upon old china—and to speculate, from the images, on Cathay. I can fancy that the Chinese manners betray themselves, like the drunkard's, in their cups.—

How quaintly pranked and patterned is their vessel!—exquisitely outlandish, yet not barbarian.—How daintily transparent!—It should be no vulgar earth, that produces that superlative ware, nor does it so seem in the enamelled landscape.

There, are beautiful birds; there—rich flowers and gorgeous butterflies, and a delicate clime, if we may credit the porcelain. There be also horrible monsters, dragons, with us obsolete, and reckoned fabulous; the main breed, doubtless, having followed Fohi (our Noah) in his wanderings thither from the Mount Ararat.—But how does that impeach the loveliness of Cathay?—There are such creatures even in Fairy-land.

I long often to loiter in those romantic Paradises—studded with pretty temples—holiday pleasure-grounds—the true tea-gardens. I like those meandering waters, and the abounding little islands.

And here is a Chinese nurse-maid,—Ho-Fi, chiding a fretful little Pekin child. The urchin hath just such another toy, at the end of a string, as might be purchased at our own Mr. Dannett's. It argues an advanced state of civilization, where the children have many playthings; and the Chinese infants, witness their flying fishes and whirligigs, sold by the stray natives about our streets, are far gone in such juvenile luxuries.

But here is a better token.—The Chinese are a polite people; for they do not make household, much less husbandry, drudges of their wives. You may read the women's fortune in their tea-cups. In nine cases out of ten, the female is busy only in the lady-like toils of the toilette. Lo! here, how sedulously the blooming Hy-sen is pencilling the mortal arches, and curving the cross-bows of her eye-brows. A musical instrument, her secondary engagement, is at her almost invisible feet. Are such little extremities likely to be tasked with laborious offices—Marry, in kicking, they must be ludicrously impotent,—but then she hath a formidable growth of nails.

By her side, the obsequious Hum is pouring his soft flatteries into her ear.



When she walketh abroad, (here it is on another sample) he shadeth her at two miles off with his umbrella. It is like an allegory of love triumphing over space. The lady is walking upon one of those frequent pretty islets, on a plain as if of porcelain, without any herbage, only a solitary flower springs up, seemingly by enchantment, at her fairy-like foot. The watery space between the lovers is aptly left as a blank, excepting her adorable shadow, which is tending towards her slave.

How reverentially is yon urchin presenting his flowers to the grey-beard! So honourably is age considered in China! There would be some sense, *there*, in birth-day celebrations.

Here, in another compartment, is a solitary scholar, apparently studying the elaborate didactics of Con-Fuse-Ye.

The Chinese have, verily, the advantage of us upon earthenware! They trace themselves as lovers, contemplatists, philosophers:—whereas, to judge from our jugs and mugs, we are nothing but sheepish piping shepherds and fox-hunters.—*Hood's Whims and Oddities.*

### JACK BANNISTER AND GARRICK.

My friend, John Bannister, gave me the following accurate detail of his own reception by Garrick; and even in the narrative veneration of the actor, the reader may indulge a smile at the *vanity* of the manager.

"I was," says the admirable comedian, "a student of painting in the Royal Academy, when I was introduced to Mr. Garrick—under whose superior genius the British stage then flourished beyond all former example.

"One morning I was shown into his dressing-room, when he was before the glass preparing to shave—a white night-cap covered his forehead—his chin and cheeks were enveloped in soap-suds—a razor-cloth was placed upon his left shoulder, and he turned and smoothed the shining blade with so much dexterity, that I longed for a beard, to imitate his incomparable method of handling the razor.

"Eh! well!—what young man—no—eh! You are still for the stage? Well, now, what character do you, should you like to—eh?"

"I should like to attempt Hamlet, Sir."

"Eh! what Hamlet the Dane? Zounds! that's a bold—a—Have you studied the part?" "I have, Sir," "Well, don't mind my shaving. Speak

your speech, the speech to the ghost—I can hear you. Come, let's have a roll and a tumble." (A phrase of his often used to express a probationary specimen.)

"After a few hums and haws, and a disposing of my hair, so that it might stand on end, 'like quills on the fretful porcupine,' I supposed my father's ghost before me, 'armed cap d'pie,' and off I started.

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!"

(*He wiped the razor.*)

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd!

(*He strapped it.*)

Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from

hell!

(*He shook on.*)

Thou com'st in such a questionable shape

That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee Ham-

let!

King, father, royal Dane!—O, answer me,

Let me not burst in ignorance."

(*He lathered again.*)

I concluded with the usual—

"Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?"

but still continued in my attitude, expecting the praise due to an exhibition, which I was booby enough to fancy was only to be equalled by *himself*. But, to my eternal mortification, he turned quick upon me, brandished the razor in his hand, and thrusting his half-shaved face close up to mine, he made such *horrible mouths* at me, that I thought he was seized with insanity, and I showed more natural symptoms of being frightened at *him*, than at my father's ghost. "Angels and ministers? yaw! whaw! maw!" However, I soon perceived my vanity by his ridicule. He finished shaving, put on his wig, and, with a smile of good nature, he took me by the hand. "Come," said he, "young gentleman,—eh! let us see now what we can do." He spoke the speech—*how* he spoke it, those who have heard him never can forget. "There," said he, "young gentleman; and when you try that speech again, give it more *passion* and less *mouth*."—*Boaden's Life of Mrs. Siddons.*

### The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton*

### EPIGRAM.

From "Le Ramelet Moundi," by Godelin, a poet who wrote in the dialect of Thoulouse, early in the 17th century.

THE gay, who would be counted wise,  
Think all delight in pastime lies;  
Nor heed they what the wise condemn,  
Whilst they pass time—Time passes them.

## GENTEEL ECONOMY.

A CERTAIN lady, whose taste is equal to her economy, was under the necessity of asking a friend to dinner: the following is a bill of fare, and expense of each dish, which was found on the carpet:—

	s.	d.
At top, two herrings .....	0	1
Middle, 1½ oz. of butter, melted	0	0½
Bottom, three mutton chops, cut thin .....	0	2
One side, 1 lb. small potatoes ...	0	0½
On the other side, pickled cabbage	0	0½
Fish removed, two larks, plenty of crumbs.....	0	1½
Mutton removed, French roll boiled for pudding .....	0	0½
Parsley for garnish .....	0	0½
	0	7

The dinner was served up on china, looked light, tasty, and pretty; the table small, and the dishes well proportioned. We hope each new married lady will keep this as a lesson; it is worth knowing how to serve up seven dishes, consisting of a dish of fish, joint of mutton, couple of fowls, pudding, vegetables, and sauce for *sevenpence*!

## PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.

WHEN fortune smiles and looks serene,

'Tis "Pray, Sir, how d'ye do,  
Your family are well I hope,  
Can I serve them or you?"

But if perchance, her scale should turn,  
And with it change your plight,  
'Tis then, "I'm sorry for your fate,  
But times are hard—good night."

## EPITAPHS.

On a grave stone in Staverton church-yard.

HERE lieth the body of Betty Bowden,  
Who would live longer but she couldn,  
Sorrow and grief made her decay,  
Till her bad leg card† she away.

\* Could not. † Carried.

In Kingsbridge church-yard, on a man who was too poor to be buried with his rich relations in the church.

HERE lie I at the chancel door,  
Here I lie because I'm poor,  
The further in the more to pay,  
Here I lie as warm as they.

The following was put on the grave stone of a tragedian, at his desire:

EXIT BURBRIDGE.

## EPIGRAM.

"WHEN to an oculist the blind repair  
To get again their sight,  
Of drowning, Ben, they in some danger are,

If I conjecture right."

"Of drowning? — why, what do you mean?" cries Ben—

"Explain at once to me;"

"Why," rejoins Tom, "this is my reason, then,

Because they—*go to see*."

FRIEND Richard drunk, or sober, is,

A very different fellow;

When sober he's a cautious quiz,

A pleasant chap when mellow.

You ask me which "I should prefer?

Depends upon the end;

Sober, if for a *servant*, Sir,

But drunk, if for a *friend*.

## A WORTHLESS ARTICLE.

A FELLOW of atrocious ugliness chanced to pick up a looking-glass on his road. But when he looked at himself, he flung it away in a rage, crying, "Curse you, if you were good for anything you would not have been thrown away by your owner."

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The *Illustrations of Shakspeare* will be resumed in our next number.

J. E—, will see we had not forgotten him.

We are greatly obliged to Mr. H. M'Keon for a sight of his interesting drawings, one of which we have forwarded to our artist for insertion in our columns.

A LETTER is left with our publisher for Ned Con.

The drawing by W. E. S. is laid out for the engraver.

H. W. H. is received, and has our thanks.

We have no recollection of the lines alluded to by J. E—s.

P. T. W.; Tim Tobykin; M. L. B.; G. W. N. and H. W. Dewhurst in our next.

Hector M' Turk, though mistaken in many of his opinions, has been read attentively, and we thank him for his candid epistle.

Viator: A Visitor; and J. E. Wall are under consideration.

Paradox is too paradoxical.

Charades, Conundrums, Enigmas, Anagrams, and Acrostics, are inadmissible.

The following are unfit for publication:—E. A.; J. J. H.; P. E. P.; J. A.; *Though absent not forgot*; and Tony Lumpkin.

Cross Readings must be very good to gain insertion.

Mahina and Zelia are just arrived.

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